

MAY 1920

Little Folks

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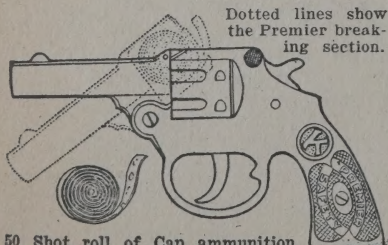
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LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE

SALEM, MASS.



Something to Read From the Editor

Dear Boys and Girls Who Read Little Folks:—

Aren't you glad that winter is past and that you can go out-doors without putting on lots of clothes and leggings and things? The lovely days make me wish I could go out and play with all of you. We'd play Puss in the Corner, and Hide-and-Seek and Little Sally Waters, and heaps of other things. But since I can't do that, I will just think about you dear boys and girls—so many, many of you—all having the best of times wherever you are, and I will try to put all the good things I can find and think of into **YOUR MAGAZINE** so that you may never for a minute have to wonder what to do next to have a good time. So don't forget

Your loving Editor.

Something about Care of Pets

YOUR BUNNIES

HAS your bunny a house that is closed at the bottom as well as at the sides? Mr. Bunny can dig under almost anything, and he does love to burrow! A large wooden case makes a nice home, and sawdust or hay and dried leaves make good bedding. Bunnies like a runway, just as chickens do, but unless your runway has a wooden floor, the wire should go down about 18 inches. Otherwise it will be a "runaway" for bunny.

The house furnishings should be completed by two deep dishes for your pet's food and water. If you have a pair of rabbits, Mrs. Bunny will want a nest box at the back of the bunny house in which to bring up her very numerous little bunny children.

Clean the house thoroughly twice a week, and put in new bedding. When there are babies in the nest box, do not clean it until they are three weeks old. Bunnies are easy to raise, but they need a house that is snug and tight, to protect them from rain and cold.

For food, bunny likes all sorts of greens—grass cuttings, clover, dandelions, lettuce. In winter, he will enjoy mixed hay, oats and corn; apples, celery tops, carrots, and the like. Turnips and cabbage will make bunny's house smelly, and cabbage is really dangerous for baby bunnies, often killing them.

Bunny is a thirsty beastie and wants lots of water. Once a week put a pinch of salt in his drinking water; and do keep a jar of broken acorns and oak bark on hand for him, for those are his sweet-meats.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 292)

Something to Make for a Gift

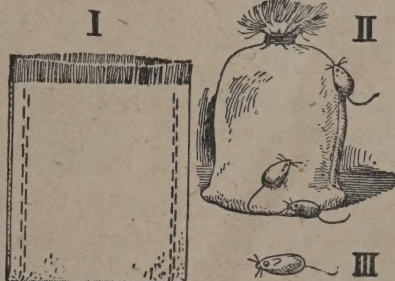
A MEAL BAG

I DON'T suppose you ever thought of giving any of your friends a meal bag for a gift, did you? Oh, no! *Of course* I don't mean the big sacks that meal comes in; I mean a little sachet bag or pincushion, that you can make yourself out of a calico or cotton scrap, about three inches wide and six inches long. Fold your piece of cloth and tack it up the sides—Mother will explain to you how to do that. The folded end will be the bottom of the bag. Now fray out the top edges and turn the bag inside out. Fill it with lavender flowers, or stuff it with wool and some sachet powder; or, if you prefer a pincushion, stuff it quite tightly with bran.

Tie the opening up tightly with very strong thread.

Now, for the little mice crawling up the side of the bag, use either apple or orange seeds. You can scratch out eyes and ears with a penknife, if you use apple seeds, but if you use orange seeds instead, you can ink on the eyes and ears. Run a needleful of black cotton, doubled, through the point of the seed, and clip the ends—those are whiskers; Run a single thread from the pointed end to the rounded, and cut it off about an inch from the end of the seed for a tail. Sew through the body of the mouse and fasten him to the bag with a few firm stitches as shown in the illustration.

And here is your meal bag, ready for somebody to enjoy!



THE MEAL BAG



Something From Far Away

The Letter Bag



Hemet, Calif.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have been a reader of this magazine for a year, and I like it very much. I live in beautiful, sunny California, and it is a nice place to live. It has the most beautiful scenery—mountains and groves. Hemet is noted for its fruit, such as peaches, apricots, olives and walnuts. It is a good place to work in the summer vacation. Last year I earned over seventeen dollars cutting apricots to dry. The season is rather short, lasting only from four to six weeks. We have two cannerys and many dryers. I don't know how many there are. I got twenty-five cents for cutting a fifty pound box. Some people earn pretty good wages in fruit time. I am eleven years old and am in the fifth grade. I have a dear father and mother, three brothers and four sisters. Five of us children are in school. I go to the Presbyterian Church and Sunday School. I have a little dog named Tip, who will do many tricks for me. I would be glad if some reader would write to me, and I would try to answer.

Elwin Higby.

Valley Home, Calif.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a girl eleven years old, and I have been sick for a long time, but am getting along nicely now. My legs are paralyzed so I have to sit in a wheel chair all the time. My aunt wanted to get me something for Christmas, so she subscribed for Little Folks for me. I think it is the nicest thing she could have got for I enjoy it very much. I like to read especially, and they are such nice little stories. It helps to pass the time away, too, because sometimes I hardly know what to do. I have six sisters and one brother. My two smallest sisters like Little Folks very much. I read it to them, for one is just starting to school and too small to read yet. They think *Little Allies* is a very nice story. I like it myself, only I did not read the beginning of it, for I have had you only since Christmas. I got a little Persian kitten for Christmas. I always wanted a pet, so my sister got me one. Its name is Silver and it plays so nicely. Two of my sisters are married. One does not live very far from my home, so I go up to see her often, for it is so tiresome to be at home all the time. I would like to have some little boy or girl write to me, for I like to write letters. My address is Just Valley Home, California.

Louise Schuller.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 292)

Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little girl nine years old and in the fourth grade. We live in a big house on a high hill and we get a good view of the river. I love to draw pictures of ladies. I am going to have a kitten. I like them, don't you? In the winter we live in Hastings, but in summer we go to a camp way up in the woods in Maine. I wish some little girl in Michigan would please write to me as I have nobody to write to. I live on Scenic Driveway.

Marion Howard.

Straughn, Ind.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little boy, eight years old, and I haven't been taking Little Folks very long. I could hardly wait for the magazine to come after Mama sent for it for me, and I do like the stories fine! I like to go to school and I am in the third grade. I have two brothers, and we have a white bull dog, a big white rabbit and a bantam hen and rooster for pets. My bantam rooster is a regular game-cock, and when you go into the chicken-yard you're apt to feel his claws sticking in your legs, if you don't watch out. We have a house built up in three apple-trees that stand close together. I live in the country. I would like to correspond with some little boy or girl. Everett O. Johnson.

Argyle, Wis.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have not taken you very long this time, but I took you with my sister four or five years ago. I like all the stories, but I like the paper dolls the very best of the whole magazine. I am eight and will be nine in August. I am in the fourth grade. I skipped second grade and was in the third last year. I would like to hear from some little girls in the south or west. I was out west for a year, but when Mama died we came back to Argyle. She died three years ago. My address is at the top of the letter.

Clara Vinger.

Liverpool, N. Y.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am twelve years old and in the eighth grade. I live a mile from school. I like the story of *Little Allies*. I have taken Little Folks almost two years. I belong to the Y. M. C. A. and like to go there very much. We have different divisions and after we have class we go in swimming. I have one cat for a pet. I would like to correspond with someone born on July 21.

Theron Colby.

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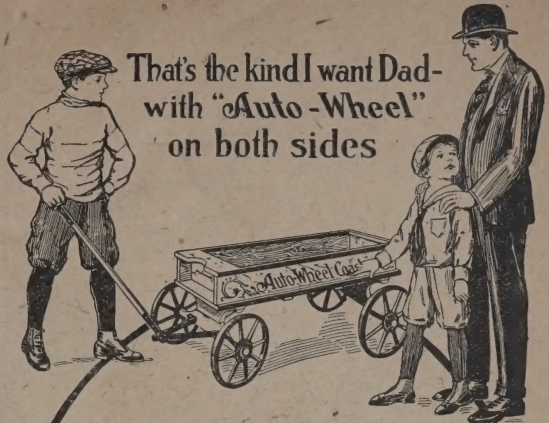
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Something to Look for Outdoors

MRS. ORIOLE DOES HER SPRING SEWING

MRS. Oriole loves to build her nest in the high, swaying branches of an elm tree, and if you keep your eyes open, some fine day in May you may watch her at her work. She is very busy and loses not a moment of time, for she must have a warm and cosy home ready for her little ones as soon as possible. So she hunts everywhere for materials — strings and flax and fibers of milkweed stalk, with long horse-hairs for her sewing. For Mrs. Baltimore Oriole is a very clever bird and can sew and weave as well, with her sharp little bill, as Mother can with her needle.

At last her work is done and the strongly-built nest hangs near the top of a branch, swinging gently in every passing breeze. "When the wind blows, the cradle will rock." It looks like a silken-lined pocket and is proof against rain and storm. The little door is carefully hemmed with horse-hair and Mrs. Oriole also sews the sides through and through with it.

Mr. John Burroughs, who knows all the birds and has written much about them, says, "The nest of nests, the ideal nest, after we have left the deep woods, is unquestionably that of the Baltimore Oriole."

QUESTIONS

Have you ever seen an Oriole's nest?

What bird builds in a chimney?

What bird builds its nest of grass and mud?

Josephine A. Baker.

Something to Write to other Readers

CORRESPONDENCE REQUESTS

Naomi Campbell, 2 N. 20th St., Lafayette, Ind., would like to hear from a girl in Michigan.

Mary L. Baldwin, Norwich, N. Y., would like to hear from someone in New York City.

Marguerite Runhardt, 781 Fairmount Place, The Bronx, N. Y., would like letters from twelve-year-old girls in Fla., Wis., Calif., Nevada, or any place in the south or west.

Zerelda W. Andrew, Warren, Ind., would like to hear from a boy or girl in Cal., Fla., or Maine.

Something to Grow

YOUR MAY GARDEN

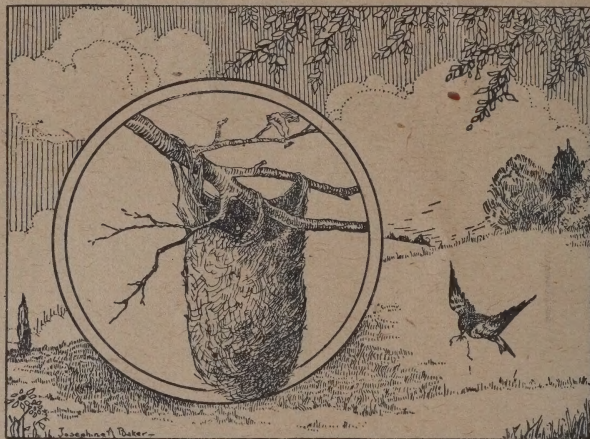
WHAT can you sow in May? Why, balsam, China asters, coreopsis, cornflowers, cosmos, marigolds, mignonette, nasturtiums and morning-glories. You can set out pansies, geraniums and other plants, and if you have a vegetable garden you can sow

beans, Lima beans, corn, cucumbers, melons, pumpkins, squash and tomatoes. If you would like to have a screen around your garden, you can plant Giant Russian sunflowers and castor-oil beans, and get a hedge from six to eight feet high. Early May is the time to sow the seeds, and they should be planted just as you plant cornflowers, except that they will need to be sown in a row. May 15th is time enough to plant nasturtiums.

They like lots of sunshine, but, like California poppies and mignonette, they thrive best in poor soil. Nasturtiums can't seem to hang onto strings very well, but they will be glad to climb up chicken wire. Or, if you would like a nasturtium hedge, set brush in a row, and they will be glad to climb that for you, too.

If you are planting beans, May is the time to start, if the ground is warm enough and there is no likelihood of frost. A sheltered spot is best and it must be well dug and manured. Rake the bed smooth, and lay a board down for a ruler. Draw a line beside it with a sharp stick, and make this furrow two inches deep. Drop your beans in three inches apart, cover over, press down and water. Make your next row a foot and a half or two feet from the first. You can plant beans every two weeks all summer, but plant them three inches deep and water them before you cover, during hot weather. Pole or Lima beans should be planted about the middle of May. Poles should be eight or nine feet long. Draw up the soil about the pole until it makes a little mound three inches high. Plant beans two inches deep in this, six to a pole. When they are well up, pull up the weaker seedlings, leaving only three. If beans don't grow from the first planting, try again in June.

You can plant wrinkled peas in May (early peas should be planted as soon as the ground is soft enough). Make a furrow four inches deep and drop in the seeds one inch apart. Cover over and press down. Plant the next row four feet from this.



"WHEN THE WIND BLOWS, THE CRADLE WILL ROCK"



A FIVE POINTED STAR

I WONDER how many Little Folks can cut a five pointed star with just one clip of the scissors. By following the directions it can be done "just as easy as anything."

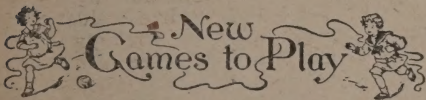
Cut a square from a piece of wrapping paper. Make a dot right in the center. Now write "top" at one side of the square, and divide this and the bottom into three equal parts.

At the top of the square draw a line to correspond with the line on the diagram marked "heavy line". Notice that the line doesn't go toward the dot in the center, but to the left of it.

Now turn the paper over, keeping the top at the top, and fold the bottom edge even with the top edge. Then fold paper toward your left hand on the dotted line marked A-A in the diagram. Now fold paper toward your right hand on the dotted line marked B-B. Now fold the right-hand side of the paper toward the left-hand side bringing the two long edges together.

If you have followed directions the heavy line will be before you, and after one clip of the scissors across this line you may unfold the paper and there! you have a five-pointed star.

Ann Roe-Anderson



TELLING A COIN THAT HAS BEEN CHOSEN

THIS is a very effective little trick even though its explanation is so simple. Put a number of coins into a hat and ask someone in your audience to select one unknown to yourself. Tell him to hand the coin round the audience so that all will be able to recognize it again. Then order the coin to be replaced in the hat with the others. You now offer to find the coin that has been chosen. This you do by putting your hand into the hat amongst the others and taking out the one that feels warm. That the coin has been handled by so many people is sure to make it much warmer than the others and it is quite easy to detect it.

S. Leonard Bastin

(Something To Do Department continued on page 296)

THE COCK FIGHT

THIS is a game boys will enjoy. First draw a circle on the ground. The players stand shoulder to shoulder inside the circle, with arms folded behind the back. The play starts on a signal, and consists in trying to push the other cocks out of the circle with the shoulders. Any "cock" who unfolds his arms or falls down is also out of the game. The winner is he who in the end succeeds in shoving all the others out of the ring.

TAKE CARE

THIS is a fine game for out-of-doors.

On a flat piece of ground, make a little pile of dry earth or sand. Take a small stick, and in a little cleft at the top that can be made with a knife, fit a square of white paper to represent a flag. Finally, push the stick down in the centre of the mound. Give each player a stick. The object of the game is to remove a little of the earth from the mound without upsetting the flag. The last stages of the game are exciting, as a trifle will often upset the flag. The person who does upset the flag goes out of the game, and the flag is set up again. The player who holds out to the end is the winner.

SOMETHING TO COLLECT

DO you like to make collections? Most boys and girls do—stamps, coins, shells, pressed leaves or flowers, butterflies—all sorts of things!

Beatrice Bennett, Sutherlin, Oregon, writes: "I have many collections of which I am very proud. The ones I like best are my books, my stamp collection and my collection of paper napkins."

What do you collect? Perhaps it is something quite different. Write to the Collection Editor, Little Folks aMazine, Salem, Mass., and tell her about your collection—what it is and how you have arranged it. The best letters will be printed. Collections are such interesting things that we are always glad to hear about them, and sometimes they teach us a great deal. It is quite possible that other readers may be collecting the same things that you are and that you can exchange specimens; or, if you are not collecting the same things perhaps you can send something someone else is collecting in exchange for the thing you are collecting.

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NO. 9099. CHILD'S DRESS. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Linen frock with waist on Eton jacket lines, having checked gingham collar and cuffs.

NO. 9222. GIRL'S DRESS. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Checked silk was chosen for this junior girl's dress which boasts a long surplice collar and buckled belt.

Patterns, 12c. each. 32 page fashion magazine sent for 5c. or for 3c. if ordered with pattern.

Send orders to Pattern Dept., **LITTLE FOLKS, Salem, Mass.**



THE milk has soured!" said Ruth, bringing in a quart jar of it.

Mother looked at it. "Why, it's already clabbered," she said. "Would you two like to make some cottage cheese?"

The playroom cooks assured her that they were only too glad of the opportunity.

"If it weren't already curdled, or clabbered," said Mother, "you would have to let it stand in a warm room until the thick part was very thick and lumpy and there was a little thin liquid at the bottom. That might take twelve hours or even two days. As it is, you can stand your bottle at the back of the stove and let it heat slowly for fifteen or twenty minutes, until the thick part and the liquid have separated entirely."

"And after that?" demanded Janie, who was too impatient ever to wait for anything to happen in due season.

"After that get a piece of white cheese-cloth out of the linen drawer, as big as a table napkin, and lay it over a bowl. Then pour the mixture into the cloth, water, curd and all. Then gather up the corners of the cloth and tie them together as if the cloth were a loose bag. After that you will need to hang the bag up above the bowl and let the thin liquid drip away and the cheese dry."

"Will that take long?" asked Janie.

"About twenty-four hours," said Mother, "but I think you will feel repaid for your wait."

And next day when Janie took the cheese out of the bag, and moistened it with a tablespoon or so of fresh milk and added a pinch of salt, she tasted it; and then she jumped up and down with delight, and called Mother and Ruth to come and taste, too.

"It's nicer than any cottage cheese you can buy, isn't it?" said Ruth. And Mother agreed that it certainly was.

123? Something to Guess 123

BECAUSE Little Folks is so late there has been no chance for you to send me your answers to the conundrums that appeared in the March number, so we will just leave those out of the contest, and not give a prize for the right answers, as it is too late for them to reach us in time for the May magazine. So get to work on the conundrums in the April magazine, for there will be a prize of a fine book to whoever guesses correctly the largest number of the riddles in the list. The name of the winner will be printed in the July magazine, and so will the correct answers. Please mail your answers to the Conundrum Editor to that they will reach her by June 5.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 330)



THE children in the neighborhood called her the little Hospital Girl, not because that was her name, but because she had been there such a long time. They were sorry for her because she couldn't run and play with them, but she always seemed happy and waved and smiled to them when she was well enough to sit by the window in her big chair. Sometimes they went to see her, and they always had a jolly time, somehow.

One day Ted told the rest of the children, "The Hospital Girl's birthday is day after tomorrow. I wish we could give her a present."

"Let's!" said Ruth. "We can make it ourselves. It will have to be something not very heavy, because Mother says sick children can't play very well with heavy things. Let's ask Miss Evans."

Miss Evans was the Favorite Teacher, and she knew such nice things to do. At ten o'clock on the birthday morning, six boys and girls went with her to the Hospital and the pleasant-faced nurse took them to the Hospital Girl's room, which was full of bright sunshine and sweet-smelling flowers. How glad she was to see them all, and how she laughed and cried over the pretty box they gave her. And when she opened it!

There were packages and packages, each bearing a different message: "Open me at 10 o'clock," said one; and "I'm next!" said another; and "Here I am," said a third, while a fourth said "Choose me!" All day long, after the boys and girls had gone away to school, the Hospital Girl opened the little packages: dominoes of heavy cardboard that Billy had made and covered with black paper and painted with white for the dots; they were nice and flat and wouldn't slide off the counterpane so easily. There was an eight-page book of paper muslin that May's mother had stitched through the middle for her, and for which May had cut all sorts of pictures from magazines—not cut them out, but just clipped from the books, for there was a wee pair of scissors with which the Hospital Girl could do her own cutting, and a tube of paste for pasting. Gladys had sent half a dozen envelopes with paper dolls in each one and dresses, with a little box of crayons. She had traced the Dolly Dearys in Little Folks, and mounted them on heavy cardboard. The dresses were of white paper. Nothing was cut out except the dollies themselves. Rob liked picture puzzles, and he had cut the pictures from the covers of his Little Folks, and pasted them on heavy cardboard, and cut them up into sections of all sorts. There were three of them, all different.

"I think they are just lovely!" declared the Hospital Girl to her nurse. "They're better, even, than the flowers and the dear birthday cake, and I know they'll help me get well quicker. Besides, the other children out in the wards can borrow them, and they'll pass a lot of long hours for us, I know."

But the Hospital Girl had not even guessed what a good time her little friends had had getting ready her birthday box.



A BROTHER TO LITTLE FOLKS

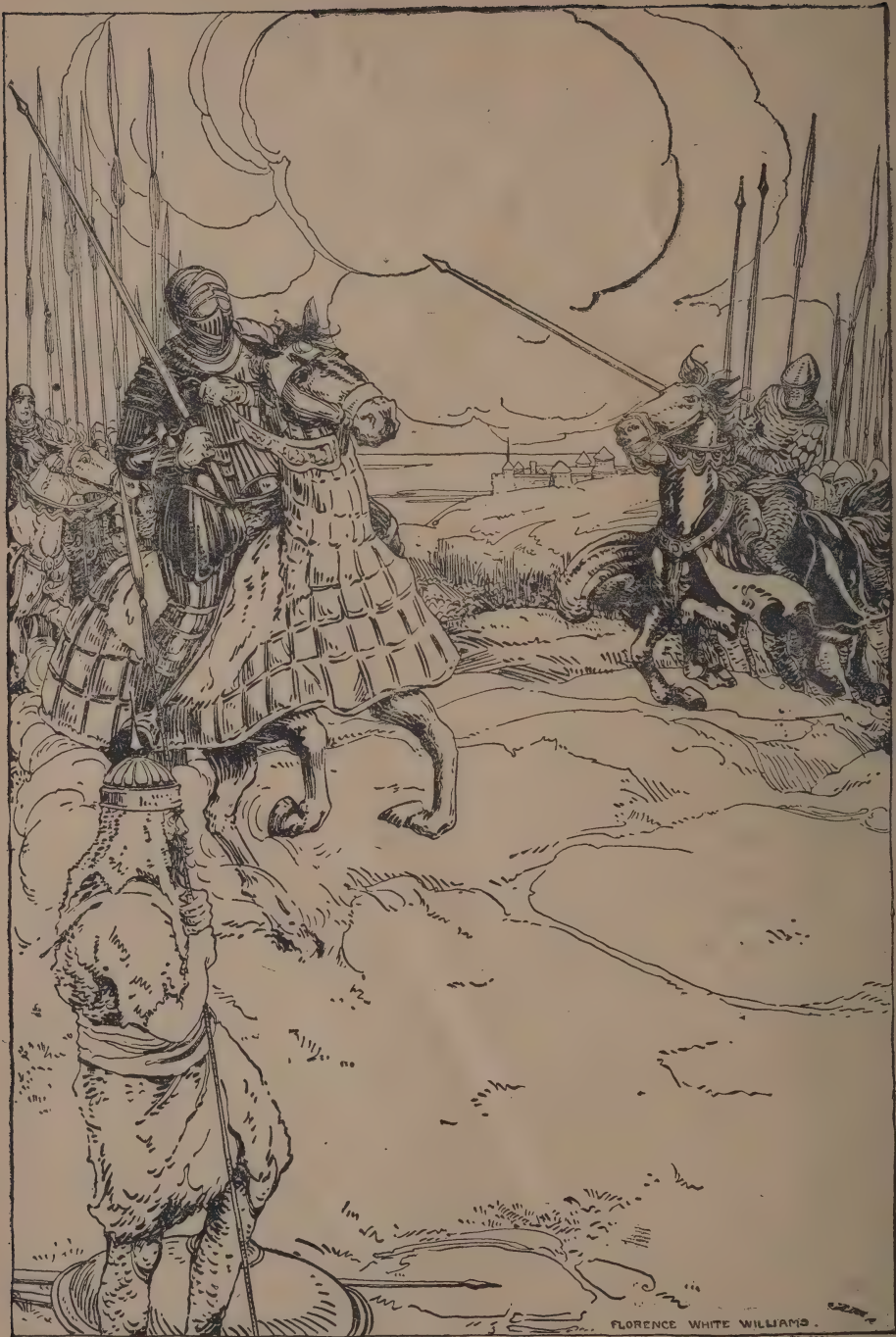
The Children's Magazine

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FLORENCE WHITE WILLIAMS.

THE TWO KNIGHTS, WITH CLOSED HELMETS, RODE TO MEET EACH OTHER

LITTLE FOLKS

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EVEN in olden times, a goatskin was queer clothing for a Prince, yet Roland, the nephew of King Charlemagne, had nothing better to wear. But he was a handsome, bright-eyed lad, and wore his furry robe with so much grace that boys of Sutri, seeing him in the market-place, would twitch their mothers' skirts, point at Roland, and beg to have a toga of the same sort.

So it was that Oliver, the governor's son, admired Roland, and followed him, one day, to the cave outside the walls of Sutri, which was the home of Roland. The Princess Bertha, Roland's mother, met them at the cave's opening; a lady by her bearing, even the boy Oliver could see, though her clothing was none of the newest. For it was more than ten years since Bertha had left the court of her brother, King Charlemagne to marry Roland's father, Milon, whom Charlemagne despised, and it was five years since Milon had left Bertha and her little son and gone in search of a fortune for them.

The cave was a rude home, but, in one way and another, Bertha had made it comfortable, and now she made Oliver welcome and gave him bread and cheese with a cup of goat's milk. So Roland and Oliver became friends, and Oliver brought other boys to play in the woods and meadows by the cave.

Now it happened, one day, that they contended in a wrestling



"A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER!"

match, and Roland easily overcame all the boys until it came to Oliver; with Oliver he had not so easy a time of it, for the boys were evenly matched, both strong and quick with eye and muscle.

"A Roland for an Oliver!" cried the boys who watched the struggle. In the end Roland won over Oliver, yet Oliver bore no ill will, and, indeed, the boys were ever the best of friends.

So Roland grew strong and manly, and a companionable lad, too. And one fair day, King Charlemagne came to Sutri on his way to Rome, where he was to be crowned as Emperor by the Pope. The governor of Sutri gave a feast for Charlemagne, a great outdoor affair, with enormous tables spread under gorgeous tents; the savory roasts and great pasties were

tempting, indeed, to those who were used to good fare, but to Roland the sight and scent were irresistible, and since he and his mother were not invited to share in the festivities, Roland determined to procure at least one pasty from the well-spread tables.

He was just making off with a golden-brown dish, when one of the servants of Charlemagne espied him and told his master.

King Charlemagne had dreamed a strange dream, the night before, in which he had been robbed by a lad who proved to be his own sister Bertha's son.

Remembering this, Charlemagne bade three knights follow and see where Roland bore the food.

When Roland came to the cave and saw that he was pursued,

he would have defended himself with a club which he kept at the entrance, but Bertha prevented him, for she recognized the knights by the device of Charlemagne, which they bore on their breasts.

"My son," said she, "these are knights of Charlemagne, my brother and thy uncle!" And she made them welcome and told them who she was.

The pasty was forgotten, for Charlemagne had dreamed that Bertha would be restored to him, and he was eager to forgive and welcome her and Roland to their rightful places.

The goatskin clothing was replaced by a beautiful tight-



HE WAS JUST MAKING OFF WITH A
GOLDEN BROWN DISH



"THESE ARE KNIGHTS OF CHARLEMAGNE, MY
BROTHER AND THY UNCLE."



CHARLEMAGNE WAS EAGER TO FORGIVE AND WELCOME HER AND ROLAND
TO THEIR RIGHTFUL PLACES

fitting suit of shimmering satin, and Roland was taught all things that a knight should know. He became the greatest knight of Charlemagne's court, and in one of his famous adventures he slew the Giant Ferragus and won for himself a marvelous sword, called *Durindana*, which had belonged to Hector, the Trojan hero.

In those days, a great deal of a man's life was spent in wars, for men had no patience to argue with words, but went to battle for decision of any disagreement. So, when Charlemagne disagreed with Guerin of Vienne, who happened to be the grandfather of Oliver, he marched against him with his whole army and laid siege to that city.

Two months passed without a decisive battle, and then word came to Charlemagne that the King of Spain was invading France. When he learned this, Charlemagne sent a message to Guerin, asking that the argument might be decided by a contest between two knights, who should be unknown until after the battle.

Guerin had four sons and two grandsons, whose names were cast into a helmet, from which was drawn one name—the name of him who should battle for the decision against Charlemagne's unknown knight.

In Charlemagne's camp Roland was chosen for the tourney. On an island in the River Rhone, Charlemagne's forces were

drawn up on one side and on the other, the forces of Guerin.

Between them, the two knights with closed helmets rode to meet each other. At the first shock, both knights broke their lances, but, as neither of them was unhorsed, they continued the battle with swords, and on foot. So evenly were they matched that it seemed to the watchers that neither could overcome the other. At last, Roland struck a terrific blow with Durindana and the sword stuck fast in his opponent's shield. But, at the same instant, the sword of the unknown knight was broken on Roland's armor.

As the swords were useless, wrestling then began. Roland was a mighty wrestler, but the unknown knight was his equal, so that, at last, they gave up trying to throw each other, and the same thought entering both heads, snatched off each other's helmets.

"I yield me!" cried Roland, for the face he beheld was Oliver's.

Then Roland and Oliver embraced in the sight of both armies, and Roland brought Oliver to Charlemagne to settle the disagreement. So happily and well was it settled that both armies were united and marching together against the Spaniards, they drove them out of France.

THE FIRST OF MAY

IF I could stay up late no doubt,
I'd catch the little buds burst out;
And up from every hidden root
Would jump a tiny slender shoot;
I wonder how seeds learn the way,
They always know the very day—
The pretty, happy first of May;
If I could stay up then, no doubt
I'd catch the little buds burst out.

Annette Wynne



SUCH TINY, HELPLESS BALLS OF FUR YOU NEVER DID SEE!

WOOD FOLK OF LONE LAKE

BY ALLEN CHAFFEE

(Illustrations by Peter Da Ru)

CHAPTER II—A STRANGE ADVENTURE

HELP! Help!" squealed Twinkly Eyes, the little black bear, as he slid faster over the snow-crust.

Unless he could stop himself before he came to the edge of the cliff—

Too late! Straight off into space he flew! Head over heels, his fat hind legs doubled 'round his neck! He turned three somersaults, then landed on the top of a giant drift that had banked up against the cliff.

But though the snow-drift broke the speed of his fall, it didn't stop him. The crust gave way beneath his weight, and he kept right on falling—down, down, down, through a smother of white.

Then, very, very slowly, he came to a halt. But where was he? At the bottom of a long, white chimney his round little body had made in the snow-bank. It was like being in a great, hollow tree. Only if it had been a tree, he could have climbed right out. But his claws could get no grip on the snow. For one awful moment he wondered if he would have to stay there, a prisoner, till he starved.

Then an idea popped into his head. "If you can't do a thing one way, you can another," he told himself. "Wonder if I couldn't just tunnel out!"

For awhile he was as busy as a badger. It was easy digging through the soft snow. A faint light sifted through the whiteness above him, and after all, it wasn't half bad fun, if one only wanted to look at the thing that way. But it certainly did make one hungry.

Pausing to rest for a moment—for it was work that warmed one up—his ears pricked to the sound of a little squeak.

"A mouse!" said Twinkly Eyes with delight. "Isn't that luck?"

The sound had come from almost underneath him, yet he could see nothing, for the ground was covered with frozen moss. A moment more and he could hear excited squeaking all about him, and the scuffling of tiny feet underneath the moss.

Making a mighty effort to loose a cake of the moss, he suddenly unroofed a regular mouse village, with tiny underground streets and run-ways criss-crossing one another. He had found a colony of field mice! His nose told him that, even before he had seen the queer, short-tailed creatures.

Crouched like a puppy, he waited. It was a game of patience. Sure enough, after a long, long time, a blunt brown nose peeked out at him. In a twinkling the little bear had ripped off another strip of tunnel roof, and clapped his paw on the mouse. That solved the problem of what to have for supper.

By the time he had eaten, it was dark. But the warmth of his body had made his prison so snug and comfy that Twinkly Eyes decided to curl up, with his nose cuddled into his arms,

and sleep till tomorrow. What use in crawling out now?

It didn't seem two minutes till morning came again, so soundly he snoozed—and to his surprise he had finished his tunnel in just no time at all. The drift hadn't been nearly so long as he had imagined.

"That is the way with a lot of our troubles," he told himself. "They aren't half so bad as we think."

Outside, the sun was warm in the clear blue sky, and the snow was melting in little rivulets down the valleys into Lone Lake.

"Wonder where all the folks are?" he asked himself. Brother Woof was nowhere to be seen, and it was lonesome. Walking gingerly on feet that were tender after his winter sleep, he set about studying the trails that led through the snow and mud to the lake. There were the dainty dog-like foot-prints of Old Man Red Fox, out after mice, and Slim the Weasel, chasing brown bunnies who made great frightened leaps, with their hind feet in front of their fore feet. And there were the furry pads of Bobby Lynx, the wild-cat kitten, and any number of other wood folk. The air was musical with the calls of ducks, as they shot by in great V-shaped clouds on their way from the South.

Then, with a whoof of joy, Twinkly Eyes espied the shambling foot-prints of Mother Black Bear. Straight to a den beneath a boulder on the south side of a hill they led him, and the half grown cub would have rushed straight in to greet her, but that she suddenly thrust her great black head through the door-way, growling a cross: "Keep out!"

"But I want to come in," whined Twinkly Eyes.

"You can't—you'll wake the babies!"

"Ple-e-e-ase!"

For answer, Mother Black Bear only turned her back squarely upon him, and fell to licking the velvety fur of the two new little cubs that had come a few weeks before. No wonder she wouldn't let anyone disturb them. For such tiny, helpless balls of fur you never did see, all snuggled up together to keep their toes warm!

"Huh! *I* don't want to see the wiggling things," sniffed Twinkly Eyes. "I'm goin' fishin'." And off he shambled on his flat hind feet down the trail to Lone Lake.

He gave a yap of pleasure as he spied the pigeon-toed tracks



"LET GO!" SQUEALED TWINKLY IN PAINED SURPRISE.

of Snapper, the big snapping-turtle, whose iron beak always made swimming such an adventure for him. Snapper didn't have much use for the little black bear. Who would, when every time they met, he turned her over on her back, with all fours waving helplessly in the air?

To-day she no sooner spied the mischievous rascal than she waddled off into the lake and hid beneath a root that overhung the bank.

Now, as it happened, that was the very root that Twinkly chose to do his fishing from. Stretching his round body out full length, with one paw dangling ready to slap his claws into the first fish that passed beneath, he began watching the flash of silvery forms as they rose in the brown pool.

"Um!" he was just thinking, as he saw a little trout swimming his way. "Won't I have a feast!" Suddenly a hard, sharp something nabbed his paw.

"Let go!" squealed Twinkly in pained surprise, tugging to loose his fingers.

"I shan't!" hissed a familiar voice. "I shan't ever let go! I'll teach you to meddle with *me*!"

It was Snapper, the big turtle!

The fisherman was caught himself!

(To be continued)

THE SUNSHINE BUSH

IN a corner of my garden is a bush that blooms in spring
With a million little yellow bells that swing and swing and
swing

And I think they must be ringing when the early robins sing
To wake the sleepy fairies of the spring!

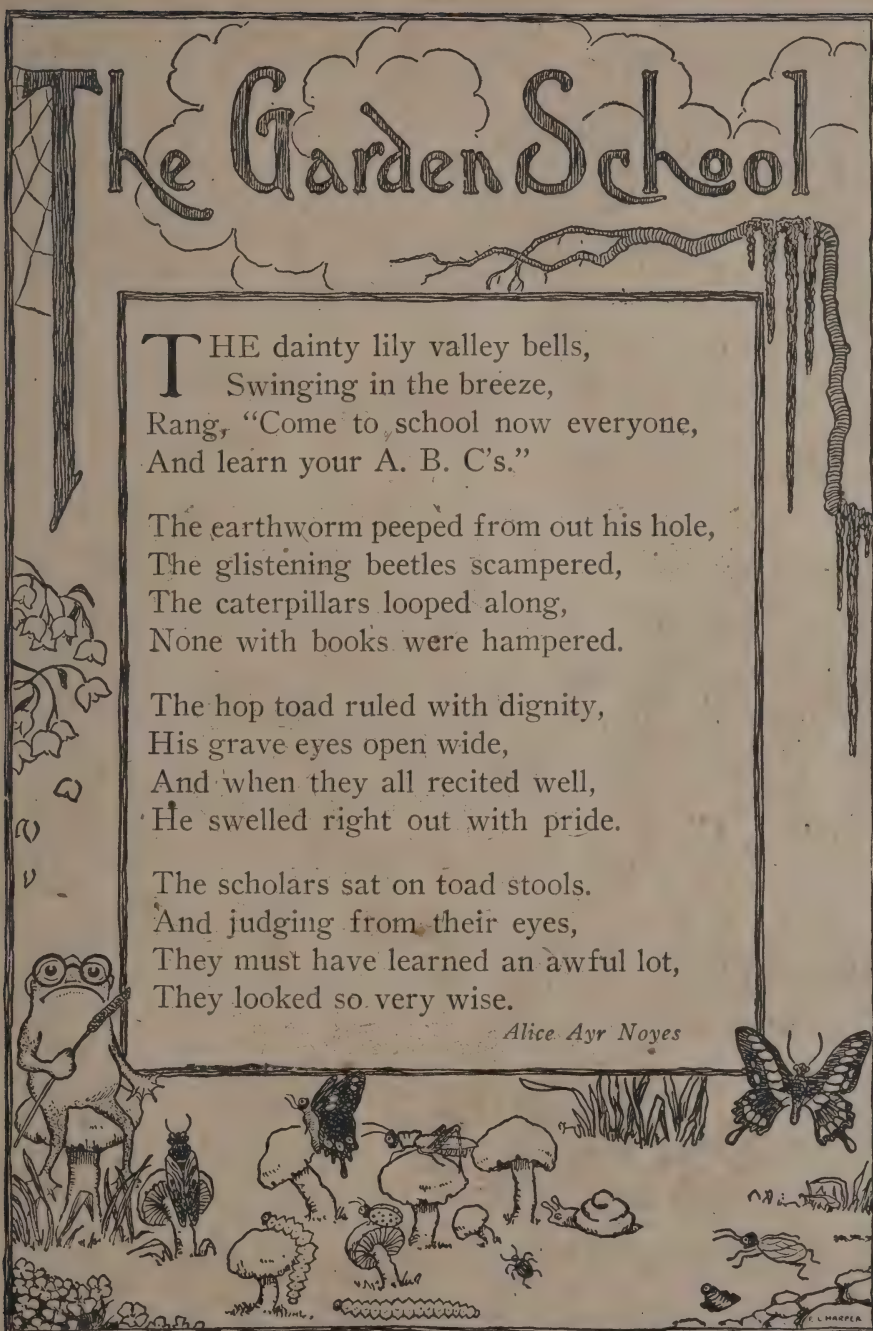
When it's raining in the garden, and the sun shines in my bush,
And the fairy birds are singing,

And the yellow bells are swinging,

All a-ringing, all a-ringing,

To call the hungry fairies to their breakfast with a rush.

Vivien May Parker.



The Garden School

THE dainty lily valley bells,
Swinging in the breeze,
Rang, "Come to school now everyone,
And learn your A. B. C's."

The earthworm peeped from out his hole,
The glistening beetles scampered,
The caterpillars looped along,
None with books were hampered.

The hop toad ruled with dignity,
His grave eyes open wide,
And when they all recited well,
He swelled right out with pride.











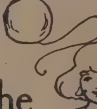





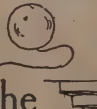
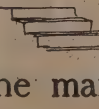
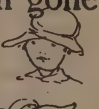
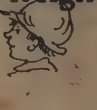
The scholars sat on toad stools.
And judging from their eyes,
They must have learned an awful lot,
They looked so very wise.











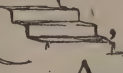


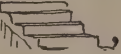

Alice Ayr Noyes

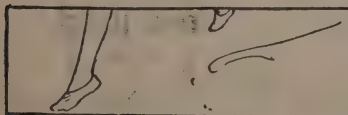


Somebody and the Princess.

VII

TRAMP, tramp! a  was marching down the village street with  to sell. Red , white, blue, yellow, beautiful  with whistles. Up on the Palace  the  heard the whistles. "I want a balloon!" she cried. "Why, of course, your Royal Highness dear!" said the first  and she ran and got her  and sent a little  down to the Palace  to buy a , and he bought it and ran back and gave it to the . But alas, he forgot and left the  open, and the rude little  who had laughed at the Princess saw the  open and in he went! The  was playing with her  on the marble terrace and Doll Araminta sat on the  behind her. Nobody else was near, because the maids of honor and the guards and the pages had all gone in to their lunch, and dear, dear, the rude little  came right up to the terrace and held out his . "I want the balloon!" he said, and before she knew it, he had snatched it right out of the Princess's ! Oh, what a rude little 

Then he looked at . Would he snatch her away, too? The  looked to right, to left. Nobody was near. "Help!" she shrieked, and ran and caught  up in her  and ran up the  and up came the rude little boy after her! But, Hissy! Somebody was watching, Somebody with green and gold and scarlet , in a golden  hanging in the balcony. "Squawk!" cried a great voice. "Go away! Hurry! Scat! Be off, or I'll be after you! Ha-ha-ha-ha!" And the  was so frightened that he dropped the  and tumbled down and rolled over and over like a  down the , and picked himself up and ran out of the . And the  laughed till she tumbled down and rolled over and over down the , too. Then the  picked herself up, and "Oh, you funny Somebody!" she cried. "How can I thank you!" "Squawk! Polly wants a cracker!" said Somebody's great voice. And who was it, do you suppose, but Pet, the royal Poll-parrot!





WHAT HAPPENED IN FAIRYLAND

BY
PATTEN BEARD

Illustrated by Violet Moore Higgins

CHAPTER VIII.—THE BABES IN THE WOODS

F AIRY dear," said Betty as the leaf turned over to the picture of the Babes in the Wood covered with leaves by the robins, "tell me that this story didn't all end unhappily, please! I'm so sorry for the little children! I hope that their father found them! Didn't he try? Surely they did find their way out of the wood! I think that they *must*!"

"Just exactly! Most sensible! Quite right! Of course!" beamed the Fairy Godmother. "If anybody tries hard enough to get out of a wood, there's a way out generally. But sometimes it's slow work. There are woods and woods, you know, my dear! All of them aren't like this one in Fairyland. One has to keep trying when there's any sort of difficulty to be overcome. One can't turn aside or let go. One has to find the way out. I dare say you know all about it yourself—but here's the story:

There was once a time when the Babes in the Wood were left alone in the forest. You have heard the story of it all and you know how they wandered here and there till they were tired out and lay down to sleep. Then the robins came and covered them with warm leaves and you shall hear all the story of what happened after, for they were not altogether unhappy and they did not die. They slept sweetly under the leaves that the robins brought, and woke in the morning to hear the birds in the boughs above them singing.

"Little bird," asked the Babes in the Wood, "tell us how

to find our way out of the wood. You have been very kind to us—you and your brothers. We are lost and we want to find our way home again."

"It is a Magic Wood," the little bird sang. "I cannot tell you the way out of it. If you were a bird, you could fly high above the tree-tops and so see the clear sky and the end of the wood; but as you are children, and, as I do not know the forest except through the tree-tops, I cannot tell you."

"Alas," sighed the poor Babes in the Wood. "We two wandered all day and we are hungry and tired. Can you tell us in what direction the tree-tops come to an end quickest? Then we will know the shortest way out of the forest."

So the little bird told them. "Remember," he said, "there is one thing you must not forget: never be afraid of the dark. The forest is full of strange things, but nothing will harm you as long as you do what is right."

So the Babes in the Wood thanked the little bird and started off in the direction where the tree-tops came to an end quickest.

"Do not stop on your way," said the bird. "Good-bye."

They had not gone very far, when they came upon a Christmas-tree, all covered over with beautiful playthings and bright glowing lights.

"Oh," cried they, "let us stop here and play! See! See! How delightful!"



LITTLE BIRD, TELL US HOW TO FIND OUR WAY OUT

But as they looked at the tree, they saw that it was leading them in the wrong direction. It seemed ever before them and yet they could tell by the way the sunlight fell through the leaves of the trees that the wonderful magic of the forest was in it and that it was leading them always, leading them farther

and farther from the place where the wood ended.

"We can go back after picking some of the toys," said the youngest. "We can follow. There is plenty of time! I would rather stay here in the wood



THEY FOUND BUSHES WHERE CANDY AND COOKIES GREW

forever and play. There are no trees like this at home!"

But the elder child took him by the hand. "The little bird told us not to stop on the way. We must do what is right," said the elder.

"No, no!" cried the younger. "You may go, but I will stay. There never were toys like these before!"

"At home, there are plenty of toys," urged the other. "Have you forgotten that you want to go home? We would starve if we remained in this forest. We must try to go in the right way." So she drew the younger child after her. For a long way, they could see the tree but, at last, it disappeared wholly and they knew then that it was a magic tree of the forest, meant to mislead them.

As they went on, the little boy grew tired. He begged to rest. And then they came to a beautiful path that turned to the side and led past bushes where grew red and white sticks of candy and wonderful cookies.

"Let us stop just long enough to fill our arms full," begged the younger child. "See, we have only a little way to turn out. We can come back! We can come back—and I am hungry!"

But the elder would not listen to him. "We must do as the bird bid us," she urged. "If we wish to get out of the Enchanted Wood, we must do as he said. He told us not to stop on the way."

So they passed by the bushes where the path opened to all this charm and presently, it, too, was left behind them.

They had gone quite a way in the right direction when they began to hear music. It sounded very happy and gay. The younger child wanted at once to stop and listen and he lingered till his sister took him by the hand and drew him on.

"We could have stopped long enough to have heard the end," said the little boy. "I am tired. I want to rest."

But the sister watched the sunlight that came through the tree-tops of the forest and she kept the right direction on and on.

Gradually it grew dusky and the sunlight waned and faded. The elder child began to be afraid of the dark and the smaller one, too.

"How can we know the right way in the dark?" said the younger. "I want to stop and go to sleep. I want to rest. The robins will cover us up and we can dream of the tree of toys and the bushes full of candy and cake, and in our dreams, at least, we may hear the music."

But the sister drew him on. "I see a star that will guide me if I watch it," she said. "The little bird said nothing would harm us if we did right. It is silly to be afraid of the dark even in the Magic Forest. Come, let us go on."

So they walked on and on. Often they saw strange shapes and heard sounds that they did not know. But the sister put her arm around her brother and she reminded him that there

was nothing in the dark that could hurt them as they had done nothing wrong in the Magic Forest. And so they went on through the dark till daybreak.

But, at daybreak, there they saw through the leaves that they had reached the end of the Magic Forest, at last! Upon a tree sat the little bird singing! "I have been waiting for you," he trilled. "I was afraid that the magic of the forest might keep you, but I see you did what was right! Now, over there upon the hill is the castle from which you were taken. Your cruel stepmother has died and your father is looking for you."

So the two hurried on and soon they met their father who was looking for them. He was so happy to see them that he said, "Oh, you shall have the best thing you can wish for! It is good to have you again!" So he kissed them both and he gave a hand to each and though they were tired, they capered up the hill and into the castle.

"I wish for a tree covered with toys and lights," sang the little child. "I wish for cakes and for red and white candy! I want music that is happy and gay!"

But the elder made no wish. She had her father again and she had her home. She knew best what both meant.

And the two lived happily all their days in the castle. The little one had his toys and his tree, the candy, the cakes, and the music, and all of these he shared with his sister. As for the sister, she had her happiness and her home, but, best of all, she had her father's love that she shared with her brother. And the two never went into the Wood again, though they often fed the birds on the edge of the forest.

"If they hadn't tried, I suppose," Betty mused, "they might still be lying in the wood with the robins to cover them up at night when they went to bed. And there they would have cried themselves to sleep and been cold. I'm glad the elder child didn't let the little one turn aside for then they might never have found and kept to the right path."

"Just exactly! Most sensible! Quite right! Of course!" the Fairy Godmother beamed at Betty.

THE MERRY AMERICANS

BY GERTRUDE CHANDLER WARNER

CHAPTER V.—FAIR PLAY

ONE day, the Merry Americans took a long walk. They did not go alone. Right behind them was Peter. Beside them was Patrick. And between them was the lunch-basket.

They walked through the woods, gathering early anemones and bloodroot, and listening to the wood birds.

"Listen to the sounds," said Violet.

There was the *rush-rush* of the brook. There was the *rat-tat* of the flicker in the trees. There was the *sweet-tweet* of the song-sparrow. Then there was a strange sound that did not seem to belong in the woods. It said, *Ping! Pong! Ping! Pong!*

"What can it be?" asked Patrick looking through the bushes.

And he saw the cutest little house in the world standing by the brook.

"It can't have more than one room, can it?" cried Betsey excitedly.

"Isn't it a regular doll-house?" said Peter.

But it wasn't a doll-house, for out in its little yard was a full-grown man. He had on a gray sweater, and was batting a tennis-ball against the side of his house.

The bushes cracked, and the man turned quickly.

"All right!" he said instantly, when he saw his visitors.

"We didn't know what the sound was," explained Betsey.

"That's all right," said the young man. "Won't you come and play?" He picked up a pile of rackets as he spoke.

"We can't play tennis," said Peter.

"Want to learn?" inquired the young man.

You can decide for yourself what the Merry Americans

said, for in ten minutes they were all batting away as hard as possible. Some of the balls went in the brook. Some went 'way off in the bushes. But the man noticed one thing, as he



BETSEY'S BALLS NEVER WENT INTO THE BROOK OR THE BUSHES

watched the children closely. Betsey's balls never went into either the brook, or the bushes.

Finally he stopped short.

"Now, the little girl with the curly hair ought to learn tennis. Have you lots of grit?"

"Yes, she has," said the Patriotic Pair together.

"All right," said the young man. "Bat a tennis ball all the time you have this week, and then come and call on me again. You have the knack."

"We ought to go," said Violet. "But we are going to eat our lunch. Won't you eat with us?"

"All right," said the young man. So the hungry crowd sat down on the broad steps to the tiny house. They ate every sandwich and drank every drop of cocoa.

Now Betsey did practise. She told Father about her new friend, and Father said, "He's all right."

So the Merry Americans began to call him Mr. All-Rite. Whenever they could—on Saturdays, and after school—they tramped down through the



"THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU, BUT IT WAS ON THE LINE"

woods to the cunning little house, and batted a tennis ball.

"Did you know you played tennis pretty well?" asked Mr. All-Rite, one day, of Betsey. She had stopped to rest, for it was true she had been jumping around quite nimbly.

"I am going to ask you to play tennis, next week, with a grown man, Mr. Jack. Of course, he's taller, but you can certainly run. And he will beat, but you don't mind."

Father and Mother agreed to it. "Of course, everyone understands that Betsey can't beat, but it will be interesting."

It was interesting. Mr. All-Rite really expected Betsey would win the game. But she didn't.

Just as it seemed certain that the game belonged to the curly-headed little girl in the dark blue bloomers, her ball went on the white line.

"That was all right! Inside!" called Mr. Jack.

But Betsey stopped playing. "No, it wasn't," she said smiling. "That is very kind of you, but it was on the line. I saw it myself."

So there was nothing for Mr. Jack to do, but win the game.

"Do you know who taught you to play?" he asked as they walked toward Father.

"Mr. All-Rite," said Betsey, laughing. "I don't know his real name. There he is over on the settee beside Father."

Mr. Jack smiled. "Do you know that your Mr. All-Rite used to be the champion tennis player in the State?" he asked.

"No, indeed," cried Betsey blushing.

"Well, Mr. All-Rite," said Mr. Jack, shaking hands, "your pupil has more than learned how to play tennis. She has learned to tell the truth, and to be a fine loser. When I was going to let that ball pass, she wouldn't let me. So she lost the game. And now see her laughing!"

Mr. All-Rite laughed himself, and said, "This whole party of children has learned the fifth law of a Good American." (You may be sure the Merry Americans had told him their name long ago.) "Patrick and Peter and Violet have obeyed the law of Fair Play as well as Betsey. They have been cheerful when I chose Betsey to teach, and they are generous now. See them!"

For the Patriotic Pair had made a chair of hands, and were lifting Betsey high above the ground.

As they danced off with the little girl who lost the game, she turned and called to her teacher, "Thank you for teaching me to play!"

And Mr. All-Rite shouted back, just as he always did, "A-l-l-r-i-g-h-t!"

(To be continued)

LITTLE ALLIES

BY CONSTANCE V. FRAZIER

CHAPTER XII

IT seemed to Gene and Dorothy that the evening meal would never be over, so that they could all gather about the smoky fire in the barnyard and hear the story of Raoul's big adventure. But after all, time did pass, and at last they dragged the French boy by both his hands to the very best spot they could find and begged him for the story. When the grown-ups learned that Raoul had something to tell, they, too, were eager to hear, and poor Raoul was quite embarrassed by the size of his audience.

"Begin at the very beginning, Raoul," insisted Dorothy. "I want to know every single bit of it!" And she fingered the decoration on his coat.

"The beginning? That is a long way back," laughed Raoul. "It is when I picked the little gray pigeon up from the street in Rheims. I knew at once that pigeon. It was our pigeon, Le Petit, that was my father's pet when I was a little boy. And I knew that no one but my father would be sending a message by Le Petit, for he told you it was still his pigeon that he carried with him, in the service of France.

"There was a message; I knew there must be, else Le Petit would not be there. And I knew that there was the duty for me, whatever it might be. So I took the message out, to see where my father had sent it from, and to where it was going. I laughed that you did not see, you Gene, but I was glad, for one fears to trust even friends, sometimes. And though I could not read the message, I knew it must be important, and it bore my father's name in his own writing. That made me sure the message was genuine, for my father writes a queer hand, all little curls and angles."

"Oh, tell us what the message was," begged Dorothy.

"May he tell now?" asked Gene of Captain Renaud.

"I myself will tell you that," smiled the captain, "for Raoul does not yet know. It was not safe that he should have the

knowledge. I learned in my observation work that the enemy were advancing on a certain town which it is still better not to name. I had come from a village billet not thirty kilometres away, two days before, taking Le Petit with me. And I knew, for I was informed by the officer in command, and through whom the message was sent, that inside of a day the Germans would destroy the whole region if help did not come quickly. The town was not in the direct path of the invader, and so forces would not be rushed so quickly. Those attacking would be the end of the left wing—*voilà!* There! There must be



"ONCE I PRETENDED I WAS DEAD."

help—so Le Petit took the message, asking for aid."

"And it came!" cried Dorothy, clapping her hands.

"Raoul took the message when Pidgie was wounded," added Gene thoughtfully. "Now I know why he acted so queerly and said such strange things; and I'm sorry we were cross when he wouldn't tell us anything we wanted to know. But why didn't you start at once, Raoul?"

"My mother proposed the trip to the country," smiled Raoul. "I was nearer the relief by waiting and travelling from there, than I would have been if I had started at once. And safer, too."

"And did you see the officers, and everything?" asked Dorothy.

"They would not believe, at first," said Raoul. "But I took

Le Petit, you recall, and Le Petit was a champion carrier—they knew him. Also my father was known. It was hard getting through the country, sometimes, and once, if I had not pretended that I was dead, I should have been captured by an enemy outpost. For I came just in time to run into—isn't that how you say it?—the edge of a German retreat."

"Oh!" breathed Dorothy. "And you didn't get killed?"

"Do I look as if I had been killed, *mam'selle*?" laughed Raoul. "No, I knew I would be challenged, so I flung myself down and lay still. The Boche only kicked me. I can tell you, I was most careful after that. It was better to be slow and careful than hasty and unsuccessful because of it. I would not have had the adventure at all if I had not been trying to hurry and taken the short cut across the fields."



"I WILL ACCEPT WITH PLEASURE THE
FLAG OF YOUR LAND."

"My, but I'm glad you got there safely, and the message was in time and the village was saved," said Dorothy. "And I'm so glad to know all about it. But you haven't told us where you got Yvette."

Raoul hugged the little girl close and laughed again happily. "I found her wandering around in the darkness," he said. "She was lost, and crying. I could not bear that. And she took me to a wounded soldier who had been hurt in the retreat. It was he who had cared for her most of the time. I have told you how she wandered into a Red Cross billet with a dog and how the soldiers kept her. This soldier made me promise to look

after her, and he told me she had no one. So I brought her with me. That is all."

"I, too," interrupted Captain Renaud, "can say something about the little Yvette, thanks to our good friend from over the sea. The little one will return with him across the sea, to the land of freedom, away from all the sadness of her life, and there she will be—"

But Dorothy and Gene couldn't wait another minute to guess for themselves. "Is she going home with us, to be our very own little sister?" they demanded, and the big captain nodded that that was exactly what was going to happen.

"There, with you, she will have everything," he said. "For us, we would like to keep her, but there is no telling how long we shall have to go on fighting, and it is better that we let her go with you."

"It seems queer," said Dorothy, "that anybody could be happy in war-time, but I *am*, I'm just as happy as I can be!"

"So am I," agreed Gene, "but I think *I'm* happiest about knowing Raoul Renaud. I knew that day in the underground school, when you got up on the table and sang, that you were just the kind of boy my father would like me to know. And—and I wish you'd come over to America, and join the Boy Scouts with me next year."

"Maybe he'll come and visit us some day," suggested Dorothy. "You must, Raoul, you and your father and your mother and everybody—and Madelon!"

"After the war is over," said a new voice, "I am sure our good friends will visit us. I think Mother and Aunt Olivia can make us all comfortable."

"Father!" cried the two children, and "Father," murmured little Yvette sleepily, though what she said did not sound in the least like 'Father' as you and I say it.

"Good news, children," the doctor said gaily. "I've heard from Mother and she's safe and sound, thank God; and I've wired about passports, and I think we shall be sailing in about three weeks. Home, little folks, home!"

* * * * *

It was almost a month later that a tall French boy stood with his father and mother on the pier at Brest and watched the crowds pouring onto the transport that was taking home wounded American soldiers. But not all those who were sailing were wounded. There was a big American captain, and a lovely lady as beautiful as a French lily and as sweet as any American mother could be, and three rather weepy children who still found plenty to smile at, and who waved little French and American flags at the boy and his parents over the ship's rail.

Just before the call came for everyone who was sailing to go on board, Gene had pulled Raoul to one side and pressed into his hand a crumpled little American flag.

"It's the one Dad gave me," he had said, "the one I was wearing when I found your father. And I—I want you to have it. I wouldn't give it to anyone else, though. But Dad says it isn't the flag, or the color of it, or what it's made of that counts. It's what it stands for. And I guess he knows."

"Then," Raoul had replied quickly, "I will accept with pleasure the flag of so fine a land as yours, if you will take from me the three colors of France. They mean the same thing, do they not?"

Raoul was remembering this, and so was Gene as the last call sounded, and the engines began to move and the big boat to slip away from her dock amid the cheers and goodbyes of the Americans and their French friends.

"Goodbye, oh, goodbye!" called Dorothy. "Come to America."

"Goodbye," called Gene. "Remember what I said."

"Goodbye, goodbye!" cried everybody else.

And then the goodbyes began to grow fainter and fainter, until at last they couldn't be heard at all, and all that the boy and his father and mother on the pier could see, and all that the Americans on the ship could see, were two little flags still waving at each other across the fast growing distance.

(The End)

A REBEL BUTTERCUP

BY A. M. TIRRELL



STUBBORN

HERE was once upon a time a stubborn little Buttercup that would not blossom. It was vexed because one day a Bumblebee searching for honey came buzzing and bumping up against it.

"I'll stay shut!" said the Buttercup. "I'll not open. Those greedy Bumblebees shall have nothing from me! Greedy, stupid, clumsy Bumblebees!"

So day after day of sunny bright weather the Buttercup kept its petals tightly closed, and looked just like a little fist doubled up, and would not blossom. It was all in vain that the other Buttercups of the meadow told it how blue was the sky, and how swiftly the sunshine and the shadows raced over the fields together. The vexed little Buttercup would not blossom.

The Butterflies came often and fluttered around it and told it of the white clouds sailing over at noonday, of the beautiful red and yellow clouds at sunset, and of the wonderful dawn-colors of the sunrise. But the cross little Buttercup would not blossom.

Then a Northwest Wind journeyed all the way down from a mountain-top, and for two hours lectured it in a voice so high and powerful that all the other flowers bowed their heads and trembled. But the stubborn little Buttercup would not blossom.

The obstinacy of the Buttercup was becoming known all through the land, and a message about its behavior was sent up to the ancient Sun. The ancient Sun looked down on the contrary little Buttercup sternly with his

great yellow eye for several days. All in vain! The saucy little Buttercup said, "You cannot make me blossom?" The ancient Sun shot down his beams like arrows, but the Buttercup would not yield. "Shoot all you like," it said; "I'll not blossom!"

Then the cold Rain came sweeping across the field and beat upon it hour after hour, until all the other flowers drooped and shivered. But the defiant little Buttercup stood up straight and would not blossom.

A little Child and her Sister passed the Buttercup daily, and the Child saw that the buds did not open. "What will become of the poor little buds?" she inquired.

"They will dry, and grow hard and brown, and fall off," said the Sister.

"And not be blossoms at all!" sighed the Child. "Poor Buttercup!"

"No, it never will blossom," said the old Oak-tree above the plant. "I have lived a hundred years, and I never before saw a flower so stubborn."

"Let us try to persuade it," said a Dewdrop. "I think I can persuade it."

So one pleasant night the Dewdrop took its station upon a leaf of the Oak-tree just above the Buttercup. In the morning when the birds were beginning to sing and the sky to be rosy, the Dewdrop came softly down and kissed the little Buttercup. "Open your eyes, dear Buttercup," it said, "and look at me. I am sad that you do not blossom." And at the kiss of the Dewdrop, the sorry little Buttercup opened its golden petals and blossomed.



PERSUADED!



THE WAY SHE KEPT STILL

LITTLE DOROTHY

THIS is not a whirligee;
Only little Dorothy
Keeping, while I paint, you see,
"Very, very still" for me!

E. S. T.

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LITTLE FOLKS' HOME GUARD

SOMETHING TO JOIN

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in his corner, reading a Beautiful Book; then Bob, Peg and May soon quit their own play to come 'round and take a good look," chanted Peggy with a merry laugh as she pointed at Hugh sitting down in a corner of his play-room and reading as hard as he could.

"Oh, goody!" said Maysie, "I thought it was—" "I knew it was," chanted Peggy, "it's the best ever seen—it's the Little Folks' own Magazine."

"I knew it without even looking," said Rob with a very superior air, "cause nothing else but that would ever make Jack Horner forget his pie!"

"Oh, goody! Maybe we can get a piece of pie while he's reading," suggested Peg with a laugh.

"No, sir," said Rob stoutly. "If he has his Little Folks Magazine, ours must be at home for us and I'll race you home for the first look-in."

"We don't have to race for it any more," said Peg with a sweet, satisfied look on her lovely face, "cause now there are two of the Little Folks' Family, Little Folks Magazine and The Children's Magazine."

"Oh no, please don't run home now," said Hugh jumping up and holding out the new Magazine to Peggy while he looked down and found The Children's Magazine for Rob. "Come and let's look through 'em together! Peg and I will take one and Rob and Maysie can take the other one, and, oh, yes! I haven't forgotten why everybody calls me Jack Horner—and there's a big cherry pie over there on the table. Mother sent it in here for us to eat. You cut it, Peggy, and pass it around and then we'll look inside that book."

"I wonder what the covers look like this time, said Peggy, taking a backward peep as she went to cut the pie and then "Oo-ee! but that's pretty!" she said as Hugh showed her the lovely cover for the May number of the magazine.

"Mother Grey is framing them for our room," said Peggy "and they are lovely. She has a little frame made that will hold three of them in one frame and they are—"

"I bet they do look fine that way," said Hugh enthusiastically, "and I'll just tell my mother about it too."

"I know something that's on the inside of the book without even looking," Peggy added, as she passed around the pie, "and that is a little play that Auntie Frances promised us to put into the Home Guard story this time. We wanted a little garden play to use at school and she wrote one for us and called it *Why Rosemary Was Chosen Queen*. You can just use caps and sashes or caps and blouses for your costumes or you can get your mothers to make real costumes like flowers for the girls and vegetables for the boys and then you can use just as many or as few children as you want to. We had it at our school and it was lots of fun."

WHY ROSEMARY WAS CHOSEN QUEEN

Characters: Rosemary, dressed in red:
Flower Girls.

Rose, dressed in pink.

Violet, dark blue.

Forget-me-not, light blue.

Pansy, purple and yellow.

Daisy, white and yellow.

Garden Knights.

Bean, green cap and blouse.

Radish, red blouse, green cap.

Turnip, white blouse, green cap.

Carrot, yellow blouse, green cap.

Other Garden Knights and Flower Girls may be used and the costumes easily worked out.

Fairy Godmother, fairy costume.

Teacher of Green Valley School.

Scene, Green Valley School House, or yard—either one.

Teacher (Comes in and rings bell and the Knights and Flower Girls come trooping in.)

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LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE,

SALEM, MASS.

LITTLE FOLKS' HOME GUARD

(Continued from page 330)

"Oh children, I'm so glad you have come! I am so proud and happy because you have had such splendid gardens this year! I know you have worked hard and that your parents are proud of you, too. You have been splendid Americans and I am sure the world is better because you have done your part so well. Are you all here?"

Knight of the Carrot (*doffing his green cap and coming to stand before the teacher*), "Rosemary is not here yet."

Teacher, "So I see! I knew there was some one I missed. I wonder what is keeping her?"

Rose (*stepping out of line to speak to the teacher*), "Rosemary had the prettiest flowers of all."

Teacher, "Yes and we were going to choose for Queen the girl who had the prettiest flowers."

Flower Girls. "We will go and get ours." (*Girls go and get their flowers and bring them in.*)

Teacher, "Oh, they are lovely! We'll put them in a row here on my desk and maybe we can decide which ones are the prettiest. I wonder what keeps Rosemary? I wish she would come. Ah, here she is now!"

(*Rosemary enters breathless and with no flowers.*)

Flower Girls and Knights all together, "Oh, Rosemary! Where are your flowers?"

Rosemary, (*hanging her head shyly*) "I gave part of them to an old lady who was sick and the rest to a little boy who is lame and can't go into the fields to see the flowers. I'm sorry I have no flowers, but—"

Teacher, "Never mind, dear! It is nice that your flowers could give so much pleasure."

Knights and Flower Girls, all together, "Yes, let her be our queen because she is so loving and kind! Her flowers are the best of all because they gave so much pleasure to others."

Teacher, "I believe you are right, children, but how shall I decide?"

Enter Fairy Godmother.

Knights and Flower Girls, "Oh here comes Fairy Godmother, she will decide! We want Rosemary for our Queen because she is so kind."

Fairy Godmother (*making passes with a fairy wand as if she were counting out around the group of girls*), "Roses are red, Christmas trees green, Rosemary is the children's Queen! Children sweet and children small, Rosemary is the Queen of all. Yes, Rosemary is your Queen. Now join hands and dance around her and sing my little rhymes while I crown her Queen."

Curtain falls on tableau of children dancing around their Queen and singing the little rhymes the Fairy Godmother had used.)

It was a very pretty little play because the children all looked so sweet and learned their parts so well.

Now here is a little Home Guard Pledge for all my dear Home Guard Gardeners this sweet spring-time month for May.

I will plant something in my Garden this

(Something To Do Department continued on page 334)

spring that will give pleasure to others.

Name

Street

Town

State

If you want a pin, send 5 cents with your pledge to Little Folks Home Guard in care of Little Folks Magazine, Salem, Mass.

Auntie Frances.

SOMETHING OUR READERS HAVE MADE

A PAPER-DOLL'S HOUSE

By Rose Pomeroy, Holton, Kansas.

GET a big sheet of wrapping paper and lay it down on the table. Then ask your mother for some old catalogs she does not want to use any more. Then mark rooms on the paper with a pencil. Look through the catalogues and cut out things for the different rooms. You can have all the rooms of a modern house, and it is great fun picking out furniture and furnishings for them. You can have as many rooms as you please. Paste all the things you have cut out in the different rooms. You can arrange them as you like. You can have barns, too, or anything else you want.

The Editor suggests that you cut tabs on the bottom of your furniture, bend them back, and paste them onto the floors of your rooms in an upright position. Then your furniture will stand up. You can make your house of cardboard, if you wish, and then you will have walls on which to hang pictures and curtains and the like. If you enjoy this play very much, make more than one house, so that the Paper Doll family can go visiting. You can have country homes and town homes, garages, and, as Rose suggests, barns—why, you can have a whole village or city up in your play-room—and hours of fun when storms or sickness keep you indoors.

SOME RAINY-DAY FUN

By Ruth Norman, Davenport, Ia.

I wish to tell you about a new kind of fun. Some day I wish someone would try it. Get a box of dominoes and build furniture from the dominoes. Take one domino for the back of a chair, and another for the seat. Build tables, stoves and all sorts of things, and then use one domino for each person and make up stories as you go. You will find there are all sorts of funny kinds of stories you can make up.

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"BETTER THAN THE MOVIES" Some kids say. Let **EL FASCINATOR** entertain you. For kids from 8 to 80 yrs. **FUN BY THE HOUR.** Six kinds all different, 10c for 1, 15c for 2, 20c for 4, or 6 for 25c. Send coin, thrift stamps or money orders to **MAZECRAFT, 820 Oakwood Bldv., Chicago, Ill.**

FREE "RESOLUTE" YACHT RACING

Here's a real boat for red-blooded boys and girls. A wonderful little racing yacht modeled and named after the famous cup defender, "Resolute." This is a full yacht-rigged boat with foresail, main, gaff and jib sails and masts. Has leaded keel and metal hull, cannot tip over. Sail spread 20 inches, deck 14 in. Can outdistance any boat of its size. Beautifully finished in brilliant colors. FREE for selling 30 packages BINGO Household Products at 10c. each. No trouble to sell. Order today. Send no money. **BINGO CO. Dept. 544, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.**



PANAMA HAT FREE



Made in Porto Rico. Hand-woven. Soft, durable, comfortable. Good as a South American Panama, but cooler, lighter, more stylish. For boys, girls and grown-ups. No import duty. Order 30 Packages seeds of the wonderful Sensitive Plant. The Marvel of Porto Rico. Almost human in its nervous susception. Leaves curl and fronds droop when touched. Easy to sell at 10c. each. Send no money.

THE PORTO RICO NEWS CO.,
San German, - - Porto Rico

DIAMOND CUT 4 RINGS

YOUR BIRTHSTONE



FREE



WIDE WEDDING



Diamond Cut Brilliant, 1-9 carat size. Signet with your initial. Birthstone and Wedding Ring. Solid Gold Shell. Guaranteed 3 years. Order 16 packages BINGO Household Products. Sell at 10c each. Easy to sell. Big demand. Order today. Send no money. Get 4 beautiful Rings FREE.

SIGNET-YOUR INITIAL



BINGO COMPANY, DEPT. 545, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.



Baby Midget

Velvet Grip

HOSE SUPPORTER

holds the socks securely and allows the little one absolute freedom of action, so necessary to its health, growth and comfort. The highly nickeled parts of the "Baby Midget" have smooth, rounded corners and edges and they do not come in contact with the baby's skin.

Like the **Velvet Grip Hose Supporters** for women, misses and children it is equipped with the famous All-Rubber Oblong Button, which prevents slipping and ruthless ripping.

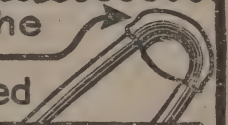
Silk, 15 cents; Lisle, 10 cents

**SOLD EVERYWHERE OR SENT POSTPAID
GEORGE FROST CO., MAKERS, BOSTON**

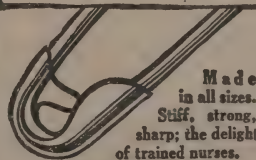
CAPSHEAF

The Safety Pin Without a Coil

SAFETY—to the person and for the fabric pinned



Since the first safety pins were invented many improvements have made them still safer for the user. The safety of the fabric pinned was not considered—until the inventor of the "Capsheaf" made a safety pin without the coil spring which catches and tears clothing. Send 10c. for the sample dozen to 101 Franklin St., New York City. Use Capsheaf once and you will always use it.



Made in all sizes. Stiff, strong, sharp; the delight of trained nurses.

JUDSON PIN CO., M'f'rs.
Rochester, New York



When you write advertisers please mention **CASSINO'S LITTLE FOLKS**



SOMETHING TO READ

BOTH Gertrude and Timothy Todd lived in old New England, but Gertrude lived in hustling, bustling Boston, and Timothy lived way up in the hills of New Hampshire; and neither of them knew very much about the other. One day the doctor said that Gertrude's father must go to Florida for a whole year, and that meant that Mother would go, too. So Gertrude took the train for Todd's Ferry. And while she was travelling, Timothy and Lamey were waiting for her at the big farmhouse where Grandfather and Grandmother lived. Who was Lamey? That was what Gertrude wanted to know, but she didn't find out, for nobody would tell her; and I'm not going to tell you. You must read the story, and then you will know what perfectly splendid things happened to Trudy and Timothy at Todd's Ferry. You won't wonder that Trudy wanted to live there all her life. You will meet the White Lady and the Santa Claus man. (Do you suppose he really was Santa Claus?) You will go to a sugaring-party and to a Fourth of July celebration at which some very exciting things happened. And there is Amos—but I mustn't tell you what Amos has to do with the story, or about the store that belonged to T. and T. Todd, or the little red house that Trudy wanted to live in. Why, if I began to tell you about the pleasant and the exciting things in this book, I should tell you the whole story at once. But here is a secret—Snowball is a really, truly pussy, for I know her, and I know the lady who wrote *Trudy and Timothy* for you; and if you don't send \$1.25 to the Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa., for a copy you are going to miss one of the very nicest books for boys and girls from seven to twelve that's been written in a long time. You don't want to miss anything as good as that!

SOMETHING OTHER READERS HAVE WRITTEN

THE March magazines were so late getting into the mails, for reasons none of us could help, that it is too soon for any of your stories about the picture on the cover to have reached us; so this month the Story Contest Editor has chosen a story and a poem from those that came too late for the last contest. She wishes she might print all the good stories and poems she gets—sometimes it is very hard to decide. But the nice thing about it is that you can all go on trying. Next time you may write again about anything you choose, remembering that stories must not be over 300 words long and poems not more than 8 lines. Stories and poems will be due June 5th.

THE FIRST LADY'S-SLIPPER

By Ruth Wilhite

Long, long ago there was a beautiful princess who lived in a large castle by the sea.

One day, as the princess was playing ball with her friends, the ball fell into the ocean. Instantly, where it had fallen, a black smoke rose out of the water, and quickly formed itself into a horrible geni.

The maidens screamed and ran in every direction, but the geni came straight toward the princess who turned and fled.

Away over field and meadow she ran with the geni still following, and drawing nearer and nearer. The princess was running so fast that she lost one of her pretty gold slippers and never stopped to pick it up.

At last the geni caught up with her and, catching her in his arms, sank into the earth. Where the princess had dropped her slipper a beautiful flower grew up, shaped like a slipper.

Many, many years after, some children, playing in that meadow, found the flower and carried it to their mother who told them it was a lady's-slipper. Then she told them the story I have just written for you of how we got our first lady's-slipper.

(Will Ruth please send her address to the editor?)

SPRING

By Mary T. Arnold, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Of all the seasons of the year

I think that spring is best,

For then the birds come north again

To mate and build their nest.

The crocuses come sprouting up

And pussy-willows sway;

So I'd rather have it spring

Than summer, any day.

Honorable mention goes to Miss Peggy Byrd Parker, Wallaceton, Va., for the second best story, "The True Story of a Cat and Two Mice," and to Miss Barbara Blech, of Pomona, Calif., for the second best poem, "The Tree."

EVERY GIRL NEEDS A PENKNIFE

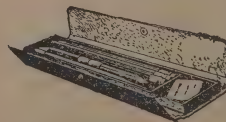


The one we offer is a little beauty, having a stag handle and both a large and a small blade of fine

quality steel that takes a good, keen edge. For selling 30 cards of snap fasteners at 10c. a cards and returning to us the money you collect, you may have one of these fine knives.

SECCO SALES CO., Box 1311, 0, BOSTON, MASS.

READY FOR SCHOOL



Get this neat, compact, noiseless companion, containing several fine quality pencils, pen and penholder, and Van Dyke eraser. Case of imitation grained leather, closing noiselessly with snap clasp. A companion you may be proud of and one that

you need. To get it sell 15 cards of snap fasteners at 10c. each. Send the money you collect, and we will send the companion.

SECCO SALES CO., BOX 1311, 0, BOSTON, MASS.

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THIS QUEEN MODELING BOX

Contains four large cakes of colored Plasteline—the modeling clay that never gets hard, a modeling tool, board, directions for use and lessons in modeling, which show you some things you can model. Modeling is fine rainy-day fun, and Plasteline is never crumbly or mussy, so that Mother would object to your playing with it.

Show Little Folks to your friends and tell them the regular price is \$1.50 a year, but they can have it four months for 25c. If they have never taken it before. Write out the names and addresses of six such friends, and have them pay you 25c. each. You send \$1.50 to us with the names and addresses and we will send you a Queen Modeling Box.

(Use a sheet of paper for extra names and addresses.)

This Coupon Saves You 25 Cents

S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass.

Send Little Folks to me for the next four months for enclosed 25 cents. I will notify you at the end of four months if I wish you to stop sending it.

Kill All Flies! THEY SPREAD DISEASE

Placed anywhere, DAISY FLY KILLER attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient and cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed.



DAISY FLY KILLER at your dealer or

5 by EXPRESS, prepaid, \$1.25.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT THIS SUBMARINE



Sensation of Toy Land? Runs under water, on top Submarine of it; straight

ahead or in circles. Measures 10 1/2 in. and is finished in battleship gray and red. Operating parts of metal, with pure rubber motor which will last a long time. Ideal for seashore, park lakes, swimming pools and bath tubs. Yours for selling 20 sets of snap snap fasteners at 10 cents each.

SECCO SALES CO., Box 1311, 0, BOSTON, MASS.

PLAYS

For Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, For the Home or School Room. Dialogs, Speakers, Monologs, Minstrel Jokes, Entertainments, Recitations, Tableaux, Games, Drills, How to Stage a Play. Catalogue Free.

T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 41 CHICAGO, ILL.

LOTS OF SPENDING MONEY FOR YOU

If you will use your spare time selling snap fasteners for us. We will allow you forty cents on every dollar's worth you sell. These are superior fasteners. Sells easily at 10c. a card. Every woman uses them. Write to-day.

ECCO SALES CO., - - - SALEM, MASS.



BUY A WATCH ALL YOUR OWN

Father has a big gold watch that he carries every day; Mother has a smaller one that she wears on a pin or with a chain; Sister has a dear little wrist watch, and even Brother, who has been in the service, wears a wrist watch with a leather strap. And now, here is one for you. It is a Military wrist watch for both girls and boys. It has a nickel case, fitted with Swiss movement, full nickel, 7-jewel, lever escapement, and has a full radium dial which allows you to read the time as easily in the dark as you can in the daylight. It is a stemwinder, pendant set. The strap is of genuine leather, Kitchener style, and can be furnished with either the broad or the narrow strap, making it suitable for either girls or boys. These watches are not toys; they are useful, convenient, well made and keep good time. They are not so expensive that only a few can have them, nor are they so inexpensive that they are not worth having. Earn one of them in a very short while, by sending only eight new yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS (not your own) at \$1.50. Or, of you prefer, you may have the watch for \$6.00, cash.

When you order be sure to state whether you wish the broad or the narrow strap. Ask for one of these watches for your birthday.

LITTLE FOLKS MAGAZINE, . . . SALEM, MASS.

THIS DANDY PAINT BOX

Contains 22 colors in paints and crayons: 8 boxes of water-colors, 1 tray of water-colors, 6 crayons and a paint brush, all put up in a beautiful, strong box with a hinged cover. With this box you can color all the pictures in Little Folks and The Children's Magazine, as there is a plenty of paint and a large variety of colors.



Show Little Folks to your friends and tell them the regular price is \$1.50 a year, but they can have it four months for 25c. if they have never taken it before. Write out the names and addresses of six such friends, and have them pay you 25c. each. You send \$1.50 to us with the names and addresses and we will send you a Dandy Paint Box.

(Use a sheet of paper for extra names and addresses.)

This Coupon Saves You 25 Cents

S. E. CASSINO CO., Salem, Mass.

Send Little Folks to me for the next four months for enclosed 25 cents. I will notify you at the end of four months if I wish you to stop sending it.

DO YOU KNOW ANY RELIABLE AGENTS

Who Take Subscriptions to Magazines, but are not Representing Little Folks Magazine?

We will give you a handsome original water-color painting or steel engraving suitable for framing and hanging on the wall of any living room if you send us the name and full address of any such agent.

S. E. CASSINO CO., . . . SALEM, MASS.



“AD”
VENTURES of the

IVORY HEROES



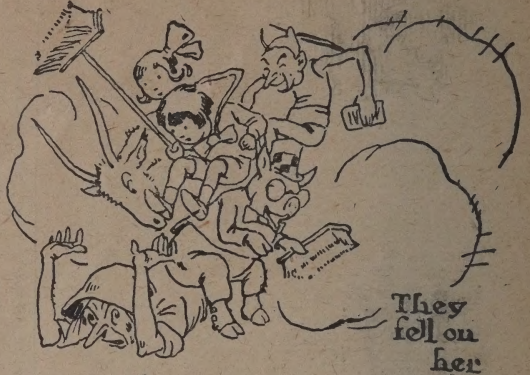
Chapter IV. Cured and Pured!

they spied that woeful witch. She was, indeed, a spiteful crone; they saw her vent her spleen on everything and every one who wanted to be clean. She went from home to home in rage and anywhere she found a house in order, *there* she pushed and tumbled things around. She pulled the Monday's washing down with fingers hard and knotty; she rumbled pretty nighties up and got the laundry spotty.

“Tee-hee!”



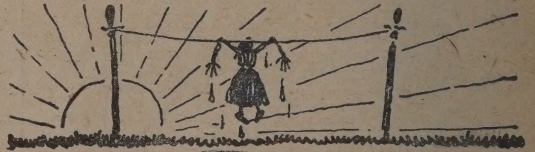
“Tee-hee,” squeaked she, “it pleaseth me when wild disorder grows! I love the taste of loss and waste when law and order goes.” “I can't stand this,” cried Peter Pig. “Nor I,” gruffed Bill the Goat—what else he said



They
fell on
her

was *goatish*, Dears, I shall not try to quote. And so, with *indignation* shouts, each hero gave a hitch at trousers, rompers, hair and hide and fell upon that witch. Now, when one Gnome and one strong boy, a girl, a goat, and pig fall on a witch, that selfsame fall is likely to be BIG.

In half the time it takes to kink a piggie's tail that itches they had that beldame so mixed up she looked like *forty* witches. Bill, with BIG sponges on his head well soaked with suds proceeded to *butt* her when and where and how good butts were mostly needed. And then, as IVORY SOAP suds rose, they soused and doused and rubbed her. The more disorderly her rage, the more they splashed and scrubbed her. At last, when-evening's setting sun made golden all the sky, they looked with pride upon their work and hung her up to dry. And when the sun came up next day and said, “Good morning,” sweetly, that witch of Wild Disorder had just disappeared completely.



This goes to prove that IVORY SOAP
Makes every burden lighter.
Just watch the sunshine in its suds
Make all your days the brighter.



IVORY
IT FLOATS



SOAP
99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE



Watch The Toy Windows

YOU boys and girls who have been waiting to join the American-Made Toy Brigade can start now to form your local club. Get your friends together. Every child who plays with American-Made Toys can be a member.

Your toy store will show the club emblem in its window as shown in this picture. They will also have the beautiful buttons to distribute free to all boys and girls who want to belong.

Wearing a button will show that you are a loyal American, that you believe American-Made Toys are the best toys and that you want to help American industries.

As soon as you see these buttons displayed be sure to go inside the store and ask for yours.

This space is contributed to the cause of American industries by the Toy Manufacturers of the U. S. A.

Toy Manufacturers of the U. S. A.

FLATIRON BUILDING
NEW YORK



American-Made TOYS



HUSH-A-BYE, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle
will rock;
When the bough bends, the cradle will
fall.
Down will come baby, cradle and all.



CRAYOLA

Drawing Crayon for Little Folks



No. 50 "CRAYOLA" KINDERGARTEN SET, shown above, is a pleasing gift for little folks and also admirably adapted for use by grown-ups in stenceling on fabrics. This outfit contains twelve assorted colors — paper-wrapped crayons six inches long, one outline drawing book and three art stencils, all in a serviceable box, $10\frac{1}{2}'' \times 6\frac{1}{4}''$, with hinged cover.

"CRAYOLA!" That's the name to use when buying drawing crayons for your little folks. CRAYOLA is made in twenty-four permanent, brilliant colors that will not smear or run.

These colors can be worked, one over the other, so that any effect can be produced. They completely eliminate the untidiness which is likely to accompany the use of watercolors by children.

Your Stationer Sells CRAYOLA!

No. 8 CRAYOLA, shown above, to the left, contains eight colors — paper-wrapped crayons, $3\frac{3}{4}''$ long, and is a very popular assortment for children who are just beginning to develop interest in drawing in colors.

No. 24 "RUBENS" CRAYOLA, shown above, to the right, contains twenty-four assorted colors in the patent shoulder box. Made by an improved French process. These crayons are especially adapted to stenceling.

BINNEY & SMITH CO.
81 Fulton St., New York City